

W H A T of T H A T!

Occasion'd by a PAMPHLET, intitl'd,

Are these Things so?

And its A N S W E R,

Yes, they are.

This is true LIBERTY :—When free-born Men
 Having t' advise the Public---may speak free,
 Which he who can, and will, *deserves his* PRAISE ;
 Who either can, or will, may hold his Peace :
 What can be *juster* in a STATE than this?

EURIPID.

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Occasion'd by a PAMPHLET, intitl'd,

Are these Things so? &c.



O fill the REALM with *Fears* of coming
Woe,

The previous Question's put, *Are these*
Things so?

This Question, from some *irksome* Grotto sent,
Gives us to know---*the Author pays no Rent!*
Meets no Disturbance in his *gen'rous Cares,*
Or, aught to thwart him,---but his *Patriot Fears!*
As free from *Passions,* as he's free from *Vice;*
Yet, speaks UNTRUTH!--For TRUTH wears no Disguise:

From *Party, Pique, and Rancour*, ever free,
 And nought disturbs his Peace, save LIBERTY!
Himself enjoys ;---yet still, his fester'd Mind,
 Wou'd fain enforce, that BRITONS brave, are blind!
 When *calm*,---the Greek he reads, or Roman Sage,
Himself delighting with the Mirth-fraught Page.
 Quite *independent* of Mankind:---He shews---
 He breakfasts, dines, and sups-- with his tir'd *Muse*!
 Indiff'rent as a Hermit,---thus can live---
 To *Heav'n* and *Moralists* a FUGITIVE!

NEXT, comes his Friend,---his Happiness to share;
 And to, *Are these Things so?* cries,---*Yes, they are* :
 His Friend, his *other Self*---ambiguous, too,---
 Proudly directs Sir R * * * * T what to do :
 Prophetic Rage inspires *his* lab'ring Breast,
 Nor anxious Cares, nor Riches break his Rest :
 He says, he *pities*, and yet *blames* Mankind ;
 Pretends to see---see what?---to see the Wind!

THESE are the Patriots---who assert they're free
 From *Party-prejudice* and *Apathy* ;

Who



Who run all Risques, to dwell in slothful Ease ;
 Nor God or *Man*, nor yet *themselves*, can please :
 But, should once *Justice* with her *Lasb* prevail,
 They'll cry, and yelp, like Curs that burn their Tail:
 Fearless of Laws, unaw'd, yet, fly away—
 Full open-mouth'd—*We're ruin'd all To-day!*

WHATE'ER in *Secret's* done, they'd *seem* to know,
 And, cry, *A Wonder!*—if a Speck's on *Snow* :
 Tho' all such Triflers are without their Stings,
 Fly-like, they're buzzing round the Ears of Kings :
 Restless to change, and cringing when oppress'd,
 Rejoic'd in *Danger*, in *Confusion* blest'd :
 Fools to the World ;—yet, in *themselves*, so wise!
 Nothing *delights* 'em, but the *Rabble's Cries* :
 Regardless of their Country's *Weal* or *Woes*,
 Acting as *Patriots*, tho' the Nation's *Foes* ;
 Proclaiming what their *Malice* can invent,
 To hurt her *Trade*, and sow *foul Discontent* ;
 Puzzling themselves, in vain, to understand
 The *wholsome Justice* that *now* rules the Land.

O HAPPY BRITONS! You're more truly free,
 Than any *Common-wealth*, or *Monarchy*;
 Who, as Artificers in Mines of Gold,
 Where various Metals firm Cohesion hold,
 Have open'd to Mankind, in glaring Day,
 The *purest* Parts—the *Dross* have purg'd away.
 Our Neighbours share not half the Blessings,—giv'n
 To us, thro' Bounty of *all-gracious* Heav'n!
 But should an Angel stand our *Helm* to steer,
 The thankless Croud would *sight* him,—not *revere*!

Is England sunk, to such a low Degree!

That Gaul and Spain must limit out her Sea?

No!—

She's Mistress still, and Rock-like still shall stand
 The *Terror*, not the *Dupe*, of *Foreign Land*:
 Nor does she *ask*, what *Winds* her *Sails* shall fill;
 But steers with *Liberty*, and steers at *Will*:
 Her Navies vast!—rais'd for her *own* Support,
 Whom *France* and *Spain* ne'er dar'd to make their *Sport*.

Is this being *lost to Empire and Renown,*
Bemus'd at Home, or sunk in foreign Down?
 In spite of *Fate*—she will preserve her *Fame,*
 To crush to Atoms *those* that seek her *Shame.*
 Her SENATE too is free, have free Debate,
 And *free Resolves* protect BRITANNIA'S State :
 Her W——LE lives to *check Corruption's Swing,*
 And *daily* serves his COUNTRY and his KING;
 His Virtue's steady, and his Counsel's cool :
 He cloathes no *Oaf*, nor likes a *titled Fool*:
That this is true, who dares dispute it, say?
 Or wish destroy'd—*The Author of To-day.*

SMARTLY affirm,—I'm of the hireling Crew;
 And that I write for Bread, as well as you ;
 That I'm in *Expectation* of a Place,
 And fain wou'd cringe and fawn upon his Grace ;
 That I my Country's Liberty would sell
 In *pilfer'd* Scantlings, —*at a Groat an Ell.*
 But, pardon, Sir ! I would not give Offence,
 Not ev'n to *you* — much less arraign your *Sense !*

For when thro' all your *Windings* you have ran,
You must confess, that MANNERS make the MAN.

Dear Sir, forbear, — nor persecute your Mind;
You search, in vain, for what you'll never find.

Int'rests of Nations if you know,---'tis well:

Why then such *monstrous Falshoods* do you tell?

Why thus inflame the Fool with *Prophecy*?

Why bolt for *Truth* upon the World a *Lye*?

Why, in your Grotto, teize your pond'rous Brains,

To sow *Sedition* thro' our peaceful Plains?

Like *Ignis Fatuus*, striving to delude,

In Lakes and Fenny-bogs, the Multitude.

HONOUR is no-where safe from *Slander's* Tongue;

Infernal *Slander*, like her *Grandfire*, wrong!

Wou'd but the Malcontents *Example* take,

Tho' for none other's, but their *own* dear fake,

And copy HIM, as often as they blame,

England wou'd foremost stand in *Rolls of Fame*:

Nor, blindly led---wou'd follow jarring Sound,

While pleasing Harmony so near is found.

O CURSED *Slander*! sharper than a Sword !
 A *Mongrel*'s now much better than *My Lord* :
 Devoid of *Conscience*, and begrim'd with *Guilt*,
 Their Pangs so great---scarce such the D---d e'er felt :
 They'll have *Misfortunes* of their own *wise chusing* :
 Then, Blockheads-like, Sir R***** T fall abusing.
 Without Regard, their Calumny they spread,
 Asperse the Living, and revile the Dead ;
 Nor caring where their nauseous Filth they fling,
 Or at the M-----r, or at the K---G :
 Just as the *Whim* should actuate their Mind,
 But, chiefly, most, where amplest *Merit* shin'd.

IF Men were hearty in their Country's Cause,
 They'd strive to cherish, not subvert her Laws :
 But as their Nature's not to be content,
 Tho' ev'ry Day they'd a new Government ;
To-day, suppose, their *Fav'rite* wore the Crown,
 Headstrong, *To-morrow*, *him* they'd tumble down.

WHAT would these foul, envenom'd Scribblers prate?
 On what *new* Model wou'd they form the State ?

Is it because we want *external* Foes,
 We must ourselves *among* ourselves expose ?
 Hold, Country-men; and learn---When Danger's near,
 'Tis Time to let the PILOT freely steer.
 But, *you* are wise,---but *you* are *just* and *brave*,
 And would poor *England*, spite of *England*, save !
 Grant this is so ;---there can be no Pretence
 To leave to *novel Guides* the *public Sense* ;
 Those Flambeaux of *Sedition*, who from *Rome*,
 Or, H--ll, the Source of Fury, hither come :
 'Tis these mislead you into Tracks of Night,
 And rob you of the SUN's all-chearing Light.
 If you believe 'em,---then, 'tis wond'rous well !
 If not, why then--they doom your Souls to H--ll ;
False Priests and *Patriots* keep the self-same Rules,
 They both are *Knaves*,--and both bewilder *Fools*.
 Hence C---n-S---se, profanely dares to breathe,
 From forth his poison'd Entrails, *Blood* and *Death* :
Blood to be spilt upon our native Shore ;
 And *Death* to Him who public Labours bore ;

Who

Who a long Life has spent in TRUTH'S Defence,
 And in a Female Reign spoke manly Sense;
 Whose Pow'rs, obnoxious to tyrannic Sway,
 Were *close immur'd* against a *brighter Day*.

ASCEND yet higher, Muse; and dare to speak
 HIM, in whose Praise, ev'n Rhetoric is weak :
 Who, when fell War on *Flandrian* Plains did frown,
 Shew'd he was *worthy*, ere he *wore* a Crown.

METHINKS I see the scatter'd Armies fly
 From his drench'd Sword, while Smoak obscures the
 While *Marlbro'* scarce his Ardor could restrain [Sky :
 From seeking Death, who crouch'd among the Slain,
 And frighted fled from *One* reserv'd to *reign* ;
 Hoping to seize him at some distant Hour,
 When Age and Sicknes might augment his Pow'r :
 Like some grim Ruffian, — who in Ills delights,
 And stains with noble Blood *Venetian* Nights :
 His coward Arm the Day's bright Lustre flies ;
 But when the length'ning Shades present his Prize,

At some unguarded Pass, he stands secure,
And stabs, unheeded, in a silent Hour.

BUT *GEORGE* shall live, in spite of *Faction's Rage*,
And by *paternal Love* our Heats assuage :
This has he still pursu'd, since first he shone
Illustrious on his willing Subjects Throne :
Calm Judgment ever has his Counsels sway'd,
Commanding War,—when War's maturely weigh'd ;
And thinking it his darling Glory's Pride,
To *raise* our Trade, and make our Feuds *subside*.

WHY will not *England* with her King unite,
To vindicate the *Nation's* injur'd Right ?
Or, why not *wait* till his Designs are *known*,
At once t' advance *her* Glory and his *own* ?
True Patriots never list, or to support
A yelping Faction, or a venal Court :
But our blest Times have seen a *servile* Train
Bawl out for LIBERTY,—and mean—for SPAIN.

THE People's Good is a most sacred Thing,
And just the same with th' Int'rest of the King :

What

What Contradiction must it then appear
 To quit the *King*, and yet the *Laws* revere?
 For never *Liberty* more grateful shews,
 Than when the PRINCE the *public Good* pursues;
 Whose high Prerogative is never made
 A Screen, his Subjects Properties t' invade:
 But, where the *public Service* points its Course,
 Tends thither, and presides with legal Force;
 Whether in *War*, its Motions to direct;
 In *Peace*, the Splendor of the State protect.

LET busy Fools, false Patriots Steps pursue—
 While into endless Lab'rins winds the Clue:
 It matters not;—*Mock-patriots* can deceive,
 As oft as vulgar Intellects believe.

Envy, their Leader;---*Poverty*, their Lot;
 By *Slander*, living,---*not to be forgot*:
 Their *Composition* 's of an earthy Clod,
 Defaming all above them, PRINCE or GOD!
 Contagion thro' the Whole does *blasting* go:
 They love *Confusion*,---and will have *Things so*!

Discord's their *Pastime* :---And to gain their End,
 They'd sacrifice both Parent and their Friend.
 This buzzing Herd,—like rav'nous Beasts of Prey,
 Rush headlong on,—and *any* Path's their Way :
 Mutt'ring, they stalk ;—yet, what they want, can't tell ;
 But, give a *Treat*, and then—all things go well :
 Sir R — *τ*, or Sir *D-l*, to them's all one,
 And Int'rest governs ev'ry Mother's Son.

How lovely would this *Stoic* Sect appear !
 Devoid of *Passions*---saving, that of *Fear* !
Wrapp'd up in Apathy, and free from Pain ;
Whose sole Ambition's o'er themselves to reign !
They scorn the Threats and Favours of a Crown !
A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown !
Their Lux'ry's---lolling in a peaceful Grot !
Their Pride,---forgetting, and to be forgot !
 This they affirm---with grave Deliberation —
 First, on themselves *impose* ;—then, on the Nation.
 CAN these be Friends, or *mean* their Country Good,
 Who thus INDIFF'RENT would be understood ?

With

With monstrous Inconsistency, assert,——
That Love of BRITAIN clings about their Heart !
 I hate such vile abominable Lyes :

Can one *devoid of Passions*,---sympathize ?

Chimeras of an over-heated Brain !

Conjectures wild, of *Pleasure* and of *Pain !*

SHOULD any one for TRUTH be Advocate,
 His Pen is venal to some Tool of State:
 But when *dear Falshood* the whole *Train* imbibes,
 They *scorn* all Honours, Pensions, Places, Bribes !
 Nor Garret will they quit, or Dust-hole Grot,
 To live in Splendor !---(*Wou'd you RATHER not ?*)
 They're Wonders of the Age ! Few Mortals know
 From whence they *came*, or whither they must *go !*
 Well vers'd in Sorc'ry ! And by *Magic Spell*,
 All things *past, present, and when* come, can tell !
 At Foreign Courts have their *Familiar Spies*,
 And know the *Time*, precise, a great Man dies !
 Foretel the Revolutions in a State,
 And at their Will,—o'er-look the *Book of Fate !*

And



And had they *Passions*, as *some* mortal Men,
Nor Rich, nor Poor, could bear their *fatal Pen*!

THUS much is said; – yet, something more we'll say:
The *Wise* admire the *Author of To-day*!

For *Reason*, and *sound Judgment*, on him wait,
With *Temper*, just enough, to *save* the State!
What if his *Buildings* large and noble are,
Most like their *Owner's Heart*, sublimely fair?
What if he sups off *China*, dines off *Plate*;
Nor, *sole*, enjoys his Dainties, *What of That*!
No *Slander* moves him, and no *Praise* alarms,
No *Plots* affright him, and no *Flatt'ry* charms:
His *true Discernment* in our Home Affairs,
Is Weight more heavy than his Foreign Cares!
He *reads* Men well, without *Perspective*, *clear*;
And *knows* how Things are now, and *what* they WERE!
Then, rest assur'd:—Before we sheath the Sword,
Sev'nfold for all our *Wrongs* will be restor'd:
With me, ere *Three Years* waste, you'll *justly* say,
Rejoice, ye BRITONS!—For, we're blest *To-day*!

F I N I S.

